

# States-Man's Almanack:

Being an Excellent New BALLAD, in which, the Qualities of each MONTH are Consider'd; whereby it appears, that a PARLIAMENT cannot meet in any of the Old MONTHS: With a Proposal for mending the KALENDAR, Humbly offered to the Packers of the next PARLIAMENT.

To the Tune of *Cold and Raw, the North did blow, &c.*

## PROLOGUE

THE Talk up and down,  
In Country and Town,  
Has been long of Parliaments Sitting:  
But we'll make it clear,  
Ner a Month in the Year,  
Is proper for such a Meeting.

The Judges declare it,  
The Ministers wear it,  
And the Town as a Tale receives it:  
Let 'em say what they can,  
There's never a Man,  
Except God's Vicegerent believes it.

In the Critics in Sight,  
Our Arguments slight,  
And think 'em too light for the Matter;  
It has often been known,  
That Men on a Throne,  
Has Harrang'd the whole Realm with no better.

## IV.

For in times of old,  
When Kings were left bold,  
And made for their faults Excuses;  
Such Topick's as these,  
The Commons to please,  
Did serve for most Excellent Uses.

## V.

Either *Christmas* came on,  
Or Harvest begun,  
And all must repair to their Station:  
'Twas too dry, or too wet,  
For the Houses to sit,  
And Hey for a Purgeation.

## VI.

Let's see how much we are improved,  
For tho' it be strange  
In all her Change,  
She Favours not God's Anointed,

## The ALMANACK

### January.

THE first is cold,  
For Popery is hold;  
Since Southern Climates improve it:  
And therefore in Frosty  
'Tis Odds but its lost,  
If they offer to remove it.

### February.

The month is idle,  
(Tho' the month is cold)  
Ill luck, and they must wait for Spring;  
Forbad the House of Commons  
Cool'd his Head i'th Nick,  
Fore God they were all a scampring.

### March.

The Month of Old Rome,  
Hath Omen with some;  
But the sleeping Wind then Rouzes,  
And trust not the crowd,  
When Storms are so lowd,  
Least their Breath infect the Horses.

### April.

In this by Mishap,  
*Southsick* had a clap,  
Which pepper'd our Gracious Master:  
And therefore i'th Spring,  
He must Physick his Thing,  
And venture no new Disaster.

### May.

This Month is too good,  
And too lusty his Blood,  
To be for Business at leisure,  
VVith his Confessors leave,  
Honest *Bridges* may give,  
The Fumbler Royal his Pleasure.

### June.

The Brains of the State,  
Have been too hot of late,  
They have manag'd all Business in rapture;  
And to call us in *June*,  
Is much to the same Tune,  
Being mad to the end of the Chapter.

July

VII

THE

November.

XI.

This Season was made,  
For Camp, and Parade,  
Where with the Expenses of his Treasures,  
Of much Sweat and Pains,  
Discreetly he Trains,  
Such Men, as will break all his Measures;

August.

VIII

This Month did advance  
Our Projects in France,  
As Baribolomew Remembers  
But alas they want force,  
To take the same Course,  
VWith Our Heretical Members.

September

IX.

They cannot now meet,  
For the Progress was set,  
But they find it a scurvy Fashion:  
To ride, and to ride,  
To be snub'd and deny'd,  
By every good man in the Nation.

October.

X.

Now Hunting comes in,  
That Licence for Sin,  
That do's with a Cloak befriend him,  
For if the Queen knows,  
VWhat his Graces be do's,  
His Divine Right can hardly defend him,

September the 1st. From the Imperial Camp before Belgrade, A  
Chavelier Janco Don Lazarillo,

November might do,  
For ought that we know:  
But that the King promisd by chance Sirs,  
And his word before,  
Was pawn'd for much more,  
Then ere 'twill be able to Answer

December.

XII.

The last of the year,  
Re semblance does bear,  
To their hopes and Fortune declining:  
Ne'er hope for success,  
Day grows less and less,  
And the Sun once to high has done shining

EPILOGUE

You Gypsies of Rome,  
That run up and down,  
And with Miracles people Cozen;  
By the help of some Saint,  
Get the Month that you want,  
And make Thirteen of the Dozen.

You see the old Year  
Wont help yeh 'tis clear,  
And therefore to save your honour:  
Get a New Sun and Moon  
And the work is half done,  
And Faith I think not looser.

Which begeth our Omissions Matter:  
And therefore 'tis strange  
He must pay for his Thing  
And venture no new Matter.

This Month is too good,  
And too late to be good,  
To be for business and use,  
VWith his Commission leave,  
Honour and glory may live,  
The same (as) at his Pleasure.

The same of the same  
That is too late to be good,  
To be for business and use,  
VWith his Commission leave,  
Honour and glory may live,  
The same (as) at his Pleasure.

For in times of old  
When Kings were so bold,  
And made for their own use:  
Such Tools as these  
The Commons to please,  
Did live for most part of the Use.

Either Christmas came on,  
Or laid off be run,  
And I must repeat to their Station:  
I was too busy, or too weak,  
For the Hours to be,  
And lay for a Provision.

Then if, if you shall  
Wish such a thing as this,  
I'll see how each Month may be changed,  
For this is best change,  
In all for change,  
The Favours not God's Anointed.